THE WANDERER AND HIS SHADOW.

The Shadow. It is so long since I heard you speak that I should like to give you an opportunity of talking.

The Wanderer: I hear a voice—where? whose? I almost fancied that I heard myself speaking, but with a voice yet weaker than my own*

The Shadow (after a pause): Are you not glad to have an opportunity of speaking ?

The Wanderer: By God and everything else in which I disbelieve^ it is my shadow that speaks. I hear it, but I do not believe it.

The Shadow: Let us assume that it exists, and think no more about it. In another hour all will be over.

The Wanderer: That is just what I thought when in a forest near Pisa I saw first two and then five camels.

The Shadow: It is all the better if we are both equally forbearing towards each other when for once our reason is silent. Thus we shall avoid losing our tempers in conversation, and shall not at once apply mutual thumb-screws in the event of any word sounding for once unintelligible to us. If one does not know exactly how-to answer,it is enough to